Congo News Letter.

APRIL 1937

v.2812
1937:2

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY
by the
MISSIONARIES
of the
A.B.F.M.S.
Edited and published at Leopoldville.
Subscription price 25 cents per year.
Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.
152 Madison Avenue, New York.
Subscription price in Congo 9 francs.
Address correspondence to Editor C.N.L.,
A.B.F.M.S., Leopoldville-Ouest,
Congo Belge.

Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXVIII April 1937 No. 2

"BUT HE WAS A LEPER"

As I look at the patients in our little leper village, with their mutilated toes and fingers and bodies covered with spots, I am often reminded of the above statement. Did you ever think that some time a similar statement might be made of any of us? You say, "How dreadful!" Yes, and rightly so, for one can think of no disease quite as loathesome as this malady or that requires such a life of segregation. If you should converse with some of the unfortunate folk who live in our leper village, I am sure that they would be quite ready to tell you that they are not content with their lot.

One of our first patients was a middle-aged man who brought with him his little son of about seven. He was told that he would not be allowed to keep the child with him but would have to send him back to the village. He said, "I have no one with whom to leave him, his mother is dead". When the child heard that he could not remain here, he clung to his father and cried as if his heart would break. Can you imagine that either that father or child were happy?

Mbwele, a girl of about twelve and with all the promises of young womanhood, came to school in the

fall with the other girls. She was eager to learn, and oh so happy to think that she had been admitted to the station school. Her great joy was soon turned to sorrow for it was discovered that she was a leper. What a future! Perhaps the greater part of her life must be spent in a leper village, isolated from her own people.

A mother with a tiny babe in arms came to the dispensary accompanied by her brother. He said, "These spots appeared just a week ago." A diagnosis of leprosy was made. It was anything but a happy day for her when she was told that she was afflicted with that dread disease. Her eyes filled with tears as she thought of the kiddies she had left in the village. A mother's love is the same the world over, her children are her pride and joy. From the time they are a few weeks old they are carried on her hip to the garden, to the forest for wood and to the water. At night they are cuddled close to her bosom on the native mat. How could she leave them now? Who would care for them? For years, and perhaps for the rest of her life, she must remain among the lepers, separated from her own family and friends of the village.

Two young men, who have been under treatment for several years, often ask me, "When are we going back to our village? We have already been here a long, long time. Don't you think we ever get hungry to see our own people?" Yes, we realize that they long to be back in their "old home town" but because they are lepers, such is their fate.

It is difficult for these people to realize that if we ever hope to eradicate leprosy in this land, we must insist on strict isolation. If they some how could find

the witch who brought this affliction upon them, they feel confident that they would soon be cured and restored to normal village life. Some time ago we found that one of the lepers had called in a witch doctor. That "munganga" had helped many others. Why should he not be able to do something for him? Oh, that longing to be well again, how intense it must be, and yet after all how little we can do for them.

We have been commanded to "heal the leper", so thus we go forth, doing what we can, in seeming darkness, but always hoping that the light may soon dawn for them. We pray that He who is able to "heal all manner of diseases" may also become their Healer, and that in Him they may find that more abundant life.

Agnes Anderson

FORWARD OR BACKWARD—WHICH?

Banza Manteke, which now includes Mpalabala and Lukunga, is our oldest station and work in Congo. The work was begun fifty-eight years ago under difficulties which were innumerable and to many insuperable. For eight long years the pioneers of the Cross, who were wonderful examples of Christian fortitude and devotion, lived and loved and labored without seeing a convert. When the blessing finally came, it came in pentecostal measure and a church of considerable size was born in a day. Since then there have been ebbs and flows of the tide but on the whole the work has moved steadily forward. In recent years world movements and tendencies, including war and depression, both financial and spiritual, have revolutionized the entire country and intensified the need for

the Gospel which affords the one and only hope of the people, many of whom are drifting without chart, compass, pilot or haven. While they stretch out their hands in vain to those who profess to be God's followers and servants, many are being hurled one by one over the precipice with nothing to cling to but the vices and evils of so-called civilization and the superstitious religious beliefs and practices of by-gone days.

Some years ago the Conference on the field and the Board at home, after careful and prolonged consideration, committed themselves to the following program for this field and work:

1. Consolidation of the Banza Manteke, Mpalabala and Lukunga fields.
2. Development of self-supporting, self-governing and self-propagating churches.
3. Procurement of a new site and the building of a new central station on that site.
4. Establishment on the new station of a good boarding school work for boys and girls.
5. Establishment on the new station of a good medical work with hospital, doctor and nurse.

This program was accepted as a necessary means of making some sort of worthy provision for the entire field and work. God has blessed the undertaking in a wonderful way. With great sorrow of heart and agony of soul the natives in the Lukunga and Mpalabala sections gave up all hope of having close by a mission station and missionaries whom they had long since come to regard as their friends and benefactors. In splendid fashion the entire native church sacrificed and made denial of self in order that they might support their own work and thus make it possible

for the mission and friends at home to provide them with the new central station and the greater help which they were assured would come from it. They were assured that the proposal to do away with Mpalabala and Lukunga stations was not due to any lack of interest or concern but to an earnest and loving desire to be of greater help. The promise of a good station boarding school and a hospital with doctor and nurse appealed to them greatly. In fact, the site and land for our new station was granted by both natives and government with the definite and distinct understanding that we were going to make provision for a good school and medical work.

The work of consolidation has been completed, the entire field has been put on a self-supporting basis, a new site has been procured and we are well along with the building program for the new station, a good part of the hospital unit has been built and a good station boarding school work is under way. Now we are told that the hospital unit is not to be completed and the having of a doctor is not to be contemplated. For well nigh on to two years a good new brick dwelling house has been unoccupied and during a good part of that time one other such dwelling house has been occupied by a single lady only. Two new brick dormitories for girls are not in use. Instead of a staff of six or eight, which might reasonably be regarded as a minimum, we have for the entire work, including the medical, one evangelistic worker and his wife, and a single educationalist who is new to the country.

Ought these things so to be? The opportunities and needs of the entire work were never greater than they are today. FORWARD or BACKWARD—WHICH?

John E. Geil

A CONGO CHRONICLE

During the past months we have made three trips to distant villages. Fifty-six centers have heard our message in song and sermon and have afforded us rich opportunity for personal work. Volunteer groups of women and girls traveled on foot, each carrying her own simple provisions and a minimum of camp outfit for the missionary who went by bicycle (where paths were passable!). The set-up for the journey taken during the Christmas holidays was as follows. Two Christian women, Malia and Loisa, were responsible for the conduct of services and were big sisters to the girls assisting. Mpenge, Amba and Molele carried the missionary's bed and bedding and had charge of sleeping quarters. Bonsondo and Bokolo carried food and with Alieti, bearer of chair and lantern, were drawers of water in each village. Mabemba, Bilepo, and Mpembe bore pots, kettles and First-Aid kit and at camp made fire and cooked. One lad went along to carry my bicycle over difficult paths and swamps, so a boy to keep him company carried my suitcase of raiment.

Tongue twisters, guessing games and upon one occasion fishing lightened the weary tramps over plains, through forest and swamp. The fishing—well, we were going through a long swamp and fish (some could easily sit on the head of a pin and others were as much as 5 inches long) caught the eye of my fish-loving brood. "Oh, if we only had baskets!" Finally I said, "Children, you are carrying the burdens containing my 2 enamel bowl dishpans, my wash basin and lone enamel plate. Let's go fishing!" Bundles were set in the middle of the path, bowls and plate divided, skirts

hoisted, and down into the swamp went all the girls. With mud, leaves and sticks dams were built and then with the most magnificent splashes large areas of swamp were drained. Then the fish were picked or dug with hands from the mud and ooze, heads pinched and spoils thrown on the path to be counted and washed later. Result: bushels of fun and 2 pounds of fish which, divided with the meticulous care peculiar to natives, was sufficient for 12 girls for 3 meals.

The Gospel was preached with sincere purpose and in truth. Great need faced us on every hand. The people are eager for spiritual help, but in physical distress and unrest crave the apparent and "tangible" blessings of the world. Faith without works is dead! Pray that our people may back up their faith with deeds worthy of Him whose shed blood cleanses, saves, endues with power for service.

Brown Congolese is not without his "oral" front page news. Eighteen months ago an enraged husband arose in the night determined to slay his wife. After receiving deep gashes on her arms she fled to the hut of her father. He, aroused by her screams, rushed to stand between his daughter and the mad man. The death wound intended for her felled the father at a stroke. The law captured and imprisoned the murderer. The Light of the Gospel flashed into the soul of the woman and Christ captured her heart. She was one of those recently baptized.

Early in January while in a distant village wails of mourning reached my ears and inquiry led to this: "Just before your furlough (June '35), Mama, a lad of perhaps 13 years quarreled with his sister about some fish, then in anger shot an arrow into her body. Car-

ried to the hospital the white doctor removed the arrow and tried to mend the torn body and liver, but the girl died. The lad was sent to prison but the white judge said he was too little to stay and work so sent him home. For one year he has known only persecution by his mother and relatives. Last night in despair he took a stout reed and hung himself from a high tree. And those who persecuted the child unto death wail as those who mourn!

One night a Christian father and friends surrounded the bed of a young man dying. Pleadingly they asked him, "Don't you see Jesus? Oh, tell us that you see Jesus!" To listening ears came the reply, "No, papa, I cannot lie to you, I do not see Jesus", and a little later, "Papa, take me in your arms and carry me across to where the crowds are standing, take me in your arms". In life he had spurned the Saviour, in death he saw Him not, yet the last wish—to be enfolded in a loving father's arms!

Marguerite Eldredge

A FEW MORE STEPS

Setting a goal in the work for women and girls brings a certain satisfaction, but finding that one has actually attained part of the goal gives indescribable joy. Do not misunderstand me, only a small part of the whole goal has been attained, but we haven't stopped yet! The part to which I refer is that in which we aim to have as many women and girls under instruction in our station school as men and boys. 1936 saw that goal reached.

It also saw a few beginnings along other lines.

The classes in Mothercraft continued to develop and expand. During 1936 there were 106 women and girls in the classes in housekeeping and child feeding. The classroom lessons were made effective by regular checking up of the housekeeping abilities of both dormitory girls and married students' wives. Cooking pots and dishes were carefully scanned, the community refuse heaps were scoured for signs of empty tins, broken water gourds, fragments of cooking pots, or any other object which might prove a breeding place for mosquitoes. Anxious little housewives ran ahead of the missionary at inspection time to make sure that the huge wooden mortar was properly protected from insects, chickens and birds by a securely tied banana leaf. There was a great flurry to see that nothing had happened to disturb the cleanliness of the sanitary arrangements. Chicken and pigeon roosts were glared at or beamed upon. A scrutinizing eye was run up and down the length of the stirring stick and flour sifter to make sure that all was clean. And then, while the whole community stood around making comments, the merit pictures were brought forth and colored. A perfect housekeeper came away from inspection with a fully colored picture.

We had great fun in the cooking classes. Small matter that the teacher's eyes suffered from the smoke of the open fire. Native utensils and foods were used almost entirely. Nothing was used which they could not procure themselves with ease. The course was for those who are in their third year of Mothercraft and have learned a bit of simple dietetics and food values. Mimeographed schedules for the feeding of infants from one day to two years of age, had been given out and

each woman had a turn in preparing, as a class demonstration, one or another of the foods appearing on those schedules. After the listed foods had been prepared in class, Mbumbulu, mother of nine months' old Kihani, was required to arrange on the table all that her son was to have at the hours mentioned on his schedule. Nzasi, with her two months' old Yida, gave a similar demonstration. In like manner the mothers were called upon to place before the class the foods required, suitably prepared for the consumption of babies from birth to two years. We do not deceive ourselves into thinking that all the mothers put into practice all that they learn. What community is there anywhere in our more educated world where innovations are unanimously adopted upon their first presentation? We are content to know that this year there are one or two, believing that next year there will be more.

The Nursery School for the children of married students also showed an increase, with an enrollment of 95. As sickness is the only excuse that is accepted for non-attendance, it will readily be seen that the Nursery School mother had her hands full all of the time.

We have made two innovations during the year. one of them is the Beginners' Church with an enrollment of 161 children under seven years of age. This is not the first year in which we have attempted to have the younger children spend the church hour away from the main auditorium, but it is the first year in which we have had much of a program for their activities during that time. Heretofore most of the time was spent in fighting about who was to have the next turn on the swing or slide. This element has not yet been entirely

eliminated—could it be with that many small children who do not have any discipline during the six days that precede their presence at Beginners' Church on Sunday? And what a blessing this organization is to the adults! At last it is possible to have the spirit of quiet and attention during the sermon in the church, when for one hour at least the mothers do not have howling kiddies tugging at them. It's a distinct aid to the preacher's voice and nerves.

But that is not the only purpose the Beginners' Church serves. It is also a practice school for the Friday morning class in "Methods of Teaching Small Children" which is attended by all of the married women students and older dormitory girls. Here an attempt is made to teach the women and girls how to reach the hearts of little children through story telling, the singing of motion and other songs, hand work, Bible dramatization, etc. Through the use of motion songs the little child is taught just how one acts in church so that by the time he is old enough to attend himself he will have entered into the spirit of worship. The tendency to recite long prayers and preach long sermons to children is very common among our people out here. If the child gets restless or is not interested, the native instinct is to shout him down, rather than make an effort to interest him into silence and attention. Preparedness is a quality unknown to our people. It is part of a long uphill task to bring our teachers, whether men or women, to the place where they will think of the lessons and prepare for them ahead of time. Each Friday two of the students in this class are given an assignment and are required to demonstrate before the class the methods to be used

in the teaching of certain Christian truths. The rest of the class spends part of the time playing the role of a group of small children, and part of the time as critics of the presentations made. On Sunday these same two students have an opportunity to put their lesson into practice at the Beginners' Church.

All of our materials are crude and the teacher herself is only feeling the way as she goes, but each year finds a few more steps made toward the goal.

Viola L. Smith

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES
— 1893 —

Mr. Frederickson had been quite ill and the doctor at Boma ordered a rest at Mukimvika. There he nearly died from a week of dysentery, but soon began to have his old strength again, although not until the boys carried him out on a cot, right under the shade of a magnificent cashew apple tree; the cool sea breezes stopped the fainting spells and helped him over the crisis. There was no doctor that we could call.

I wonder whether the cashew apple tree grows naturally in Congo, it grows in South America. The fruit is fleshy, acid-sweet and good to eat, and on it is borne the kidney shaped cashew nut. The nut is eatable after the caustic oil called cardol has been expelled from the shell by roasting. The women showed me this culinary art in their town – or rather outside the town, by ordinance of the chief, as the roasting process inside the huge, open, round kettle pours out a disagreeable thick white smoke. When the shells have been roasted they burst. A woman brought me a dish of cashew nuts,

white as snow and most delicious. I had never seen the cashew fruit or nuts before.

March 17th, we left Matadi for Kindzila by way of Palabala. Men were working on the new railway, soon to lay tracks close to Masa Mankenge.

At Banza Manteke we had a good visit, as always, with Mr. and Mrs. H. Richards. Going by Ntombo Lukuti and Nseke Lolo, we came to the Kuilu river at 8 A.M. There was no one to ferry us across. There had been a palaver, a native had been killed and the officers had sent their men to bring two women as prisoners because they had refused to move their market to the Kuilu river. We had to make the best of it in the sultry place. A whole day was lost. The men returned at 6 P.M. and ferried us, our carriers and goods over to the other side. Then on to old Lukunga.

There Mr. Hoste was busy in the great work, also Mrs. Claflin, Miss Clara Howard, Miss Bessie Gardner, Miss Nora A. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Rickets; then Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark and Mr. Finch, on their way up country, all of our mission. I was very much interested in the ladies fine school work and my heart went out to dear Miss Howard who was trying to "mother" the little orphans in their hunger, thirst and nakedness, in their crying and sickness. What a field for consecration. I felt that I might one day gather orphans and abandoned little ones in Christ's name.

On again we passed through the B.M.S. stations Kimpioka, Nkendolo and Wathen. We were kindly entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Webb and Mr. Davies Next Nkunzi, then April 3rd we crossed the Nkisi River and reached Kindzila at noon. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson received us heartily. The school children clung

to Fred and wished me welcome with hilarious screams and joy.

The boys in school were fast losing their faith in their many idols. They told Fred that their people in the villages had dared them to touch the idols, warning them that they would surely swell up or die if they touched them with either hand or foot, but that they had refused because they wanted first to ask Fred's advice. He told them that it would be alright to touch the idols, if the men should tempt them again, for he was sure that they would not be harmed or die. Jeremiah wrote in chapter 10:5 about idols: "They are upright as the palm tree, but speak not; they must needs be borne, because they cannot go. Be not afraid of them, for they can do no evil, neither also is it in them to do good." These boys fully believed in the Bible so they touched the idols and smiled when nothing happened. These young boys, with their courage of conviction, broke down this kind of superstition implanted for generations and centuries.

Mrs. Nelson had had her first malarial fever and Mr. Nelson quite a number; we also had our share and so took more quinine.

We are translating parts of scriptures and hymns and have made a primer which Miss Nora Gordon printed at Lukunga. A very old woman is with us. She prays in our meetings. If this dear woman accepts Christ as her Savior, she will be the first fruit among the women in our field. Have started a class for women with seventeen. They are regular and every one is happy, trying to learn syllables.

June 10th, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clark and Mr. Finch came up and stayed only over the week end,

as they were anxious to reach Stanley Pool to start on their upper river journey to open up a new field for our mission. They brought sad news from down country: the death of Dr. Walfridson of the S.M.F., Mr. Waldren and Mrs. Snape, both of Bishop Taylor's Mission, and a Mrs. Jamison. On June 12th our friends left. Near Stanley Pool a runner from Dr. Sims met them telling them to hurry as he needed their help to save the life of Mr. Gleichman. But in spite of all care he died from black-water fever on June 24th. Mrs. Gleichman was in bed with the same fever. She was advised to return to the States with her little son, as soon as she was able.

July 11th, Mr. Nelson had to go on a visit to Kisantu village, as Fred was in bed again with fever. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon I heard rumors among the school boys in class that the state representative, Monsieur Holz, and two of his soldiers had been killed in Kingo that morning. The other soldiers had hurried to Stanley Pool to report to the government. It was said that the chief of Kingo had been told to make a new market, but had not kept his promise. While the soldiers tried to tie up the chief there was a scramble, someone fired, and the white man was killed. Other rumors differed, so I did not know which one was true. I hurried over to tell Fred, who was too ill to get up. Then I went over to Mrs. Nelson, who also had heard rumors, but, new in the language, she had misunderstood the boys and thought that it was Mr. Nelson who had been killed. So I found her weeping.

The next morning, in spite of being sick, Fred dressed and was ready to go by hammock to Kingo to

bring Mr. Holz's body for burial. But just as he was starting off we saw a little caravan coming over the hills towards the station, carrying the dead. When they reached us they laid down the body of Mr. Holz, wrapped in canvas, the state flag lying on top. Other men carried his belongings in cases, which had been broken open and some things stolen. The spokesman was Mr Holz's personal servant. He told us that his master had given him his gun, saying, "Take it, I am dying". He took the gun, but the village men shoved him away with their guns, so he had to run into the woods. Next morning he went into another town and secured some carriers. When they reached Kingo they found that someone had wrapped up Mr. Holz's body. Fred had to cut open the canvas to see that it was Mr. Holz's body, it was. The station bell called everyone to the little cemetery and Fred conducted the funeral service. The saddness was felt by all present.

We had once entertained Mr. Holz overnight and enjoyed him as our guest. When he left after breakfast I had said to him, "Adieu, Monsieur". He had smiled and said, "Pas adieu, Madame, mais au revoir". It was his last visit.

The people in Ntadi and Kingo are surely expecting punishment from the government. And all the other villages wonder what is going to happen, although they had nothing to do with the killing.

July 19th, we were truly glad to see Mr. Nelson return. There had been no communication to be had between Kisantu and Kindzila, a distance of sixteen miles, since the day Mr. Holz was killed. Mr. Nelson told us that he passed by Ntadi village on the morning of the 11th but knew nothing about that part of the

country nor about Mr. Holz's death. Then he spoke a few minutes to some men sitting around a fire. They told him to leave and said that they had killed Mr. Holz.

Sunday, July 23rd, as we sat at breakfast, we saw a state captain with two officers, three under-officers and four hundred Bangala soldiers coming to the station. Fred went to meet the captain and gave what information he could and soon they were on their way to Kingo. The sight of so many Bangala soldiers who came from a cannibal tribe, made a mighty impression on us all.

The people in Ntadi village and Kingo were gathered at a market. Someone had been instructed to fire at the white man when he came, but they had not counted on Bula Matadi's power. The soldiers surrounded the wood and soon surprised the market where the men were planning what to do. They were ordered to remain and not to run away, but as usual the natives fled in terror. They knew they would be punished. A great many people were taken prisoners and several were killed in flight.

Ten white officers with many soldiers had gone in another direction to bring help to the first group. Those natives who had pledged themselve for one thousand brass rods (about $2.10) not to disclose the hiding place of the slayers, lost courage when commanded to tell all. Their pledge meant nothing when their own lives were in danger.

The captain sent a wounded soldier with a note to Fred, asking if he would treat the man. The soldier's gun had gone off in his arm and he was bleeding seriously. A soldier also was sent to Lukunga to ask the officers there to take up the fight against

the culprits who had fled across the river, as the soldiers on this side had no means of crossing over.

August 12th, an officer came from Kingo with quite a troop of soldiers, all in full uniform: blue wool knee trousers and red fez, no socks, no shoes. They looked healthy and strong. The officer called to see the wounded soldier, accepted a light lunch and left. He told us that they had burned forty villages and taken sixty prisoners, women and children; that they had hung three men on trees nearby the spot where Mr. Holz was killed. The men were shot and left on the trees for a warning to others. The officer told us that the soldiers were a wild lot. They had gone to Ntampa, had killed those who fled when the captain had told them to stay. It was said that the soldiers had eaten two of the bodies. The soldiers brought six heads to the officers and were promised animal meat. No doubt this was done to stop cannibalism.

The soldiers, passing through our station, brought ten women prisoners to Lukunga. Four of them carried their babies on their backs and a little boy trudged beside them. We were able to speak some friendly words to them as they passed. They were being taken away from home and clan to go to strange places to live and to be married to soldiers. The women wore heavy ankle rings which made it hard for them to walk so far, but they had to suffer for the wrongs of others.

We hear that the chiefs have come to ask the officers for peace. They will not soon kill a white man after this, we hope. This crime was so unexpected. One hundred stolen cases were found in the grass. Some of these belonged to our mission at Banza Manteke and some to other missions.

August 13th, a Belgian sergeant came to fetch the soldier who was wounded but now well. The sergeant brought thirty-nine prisoners: men, women and many children. The young boy who killed Mr. Holz was executed this morning. Some thirty were killed in this terrible palaver. The chief of Ntadi was killed because he failed to protect Mr. Holz from being shot. His wives were taken prisoners to Stanley pool. The officers and soldiers left Kingo and people returned, having had a hard lesson to learn.

M. M. Frederickson

FAITH IN SORROW

When our native people bear witness that Christ is in the heart, does that mean that the Spirit is so strong that it seizes the imagination, controls the impulses and affects the habits?

We were deeply sorrowful and sympathetic when the little two year old, adored by all the church, son of our young Lingala pastor died rather suddenly, but we must also confess a curiosity. Here was a young couple, hundreds of miles from their own people, confronted with such a cold, harsh reality. How would they conduct themselves and what would be their deportment in the midst of the carrying-on that generally accompanies an event of death in the center here.

First of all, the bereaved mother, perhaps not quite as strong as her pastor husband, goes without head piece—really nothing to reprove here, however. Then the expression of grief: nothing frantic, only a low half-song of easing her heart in which the name of the child appears often. After all what is pagan

in this? Our own hearts as we listened longed for an equal opportunity to unburden.

The father, as he crossed the threshold of the home where no baby steps would meet his again, gave one big sob. Then he controlled himself and could talk calmly of the details: the doctor and infirmiers had done their utmost and had been very kind at the funeral (at Sona Bata). Relatives and acquaintances were not encouraged to stay around the premise for the usual wailing. One or two close friends we overheard in some genuine crying, especially one neighbor with whom the child had been an especial favorite. He with others called upon God in earnest prayer to be near to and to comfort their qastor.

The first public appearance of the father: a beautiful prayer in which God is thanked for his love and mercy toward his children; our hearts can rejoice in Him as this kind of a God. The first sermon has for text: "Where there is hope there is no sorrow".

Elmer G. Hall

THE STORY OF THE HOE

"A Congo woman had a little girl whom she loved and for whom she worked, but one day she was taken very ill and then she began to wonder who would take care of her child when she died. This worried her a great deal, for she had no friends with whom she could leave her. She thought, and thought, and at last came to the conclusion that the girl's great helper would be her hoe, so she decided that she would tell the child that she must make her hoe take the place of her mother.

"One day she called her daughter to her and told

her to bring her hoe. Then she said to her, 'I am very ill, and before long I shall die, and you will be left alone. I want you to take your hoe and let it work for you as I, your mother, have done and it will be your greatest friend, and the Great Creator will help you, and you will never want'.

"The child took the hoe, but did not understand what the mother meant. Not long after, the mother died and the child was left. At first, she did not know what to do, but after a time she remembered what her mother had said about her hoe, so she fetched it and said to it, 'Work for me, so that I can have some food', but the hoe did nothing and the child left it lying on the ground. A day or two later she got the hoe again and this time she took it in her hand and started to clear a small piece of ground, and then she put in some peanuts and planted some cassava. Another day she thought she would do a larger piece and so she went on day after day until she had cultivated quite a large garden, and had plenty of food. Then it was that she realized what her mother meant when she told her to let her hoe be as her mother, and it would be her great friend, for then she would never want.

"This story has been handed down from generation to generation by the mothers of the Lower Congo, and every Congo girl of this district regards her hoe as her greatest friend."

For the above story we are greatly indebted to Mrs. J. H Starte, a missionary of the (British) Baptist Missionary Society, stationed at Wathen in the Lower Congo. The possibilities of the story for use as a drama or play in girls schools in Africa are self-evident.

J.H.R.

And the CONGO NEWS LETTER is in turn indebted to "Agricultural Missions Notes," edited by John H. Reisner. Some of us had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Reisner on the occasion of his recent visit to Africa.

NEWS FLASHES FROM MOANZA

September saw the beginning of our fall work and the opening of school with a large enrollment and much enthusiasm. A letter had been sent to each teacher informing him that each boy and each girl entering the Boarding School must pay 2.50 frs. tuition. There was a splendid response. Our faith was greatly tried even at the beginning of school, for there were days even at the first when the children went to bed hungry. In answer to definite prayer Bayakas came from across the river with dried caterpillars and pumpkin seeds to sell, to the joy of the hungry children.

About the middle of September terrific storms swept across our little plateau causing much damage. blowing down three of our hospital wards. The patients were greatly alarmed but we praise God that none were harmed.

November brought to our isolated station several white visitors. Monsieur Duyck, Territorial Agent, and Madame Duyck spent a day with us. They visited classes and showed much interest in the work. The following week, Mr. Buck of the U.T.M. arrived hot and tired after cycling from Panza. The latter part of the month the Foreami doctor and sanitary agent were here doing recensement work. November 29th, as we were beginning prayer meeting, a messenger came with word that

Atkins were within a short distance of Moanza. They were glad to end their difficult journey and we were very happy to welcome them. They need our prayers as they commence the difficult task of building in the bush.

We were forced to close school December 1st. because of the famine. I was able to spend a week itinerating along the Luie.

The greatest event of the new year thus far is the arrival of Naomi Ruth Bubeck, the first white visitor of 1937. She arrived at Moanza about 3:40 A. M., January 13th, and is already making herself heard in these parts. Noami's arrival gave us the benefit of an enjoyable visit from Dr. Osterholm.

Mama and Tata Moon brought blessing and encouragement to us all by their stay with us in February. We wish that we could keep them here always.

Ruth Dickey

NEWS DIRECT FROM THE CAPITOL

One month ago the local scribe who preceded brought to an end an article absorbing every bit of news to date, leaving the "pauvre" month of Februay for this article. If this is puzzling it will serve to bring out the fact that our mission press is established at Leopoldville and functioning so as to turn out all work on time. In fact we are champing on the bit. This article is a filler, the news from the other stations is very meagre up to March. The CONGO NEWS LETTER will come out now as rapidly as its contributors send in copy.

We are planning to increase the activities of our printing plant. First of all: It is a project of our

school, the more work we can do for others the more boys will receive valuable training.

Second: We are the only Protestant printing establishment in the capitol.

Third: We are in the back yard of the C.P.C. as well as of the A.B.F.M.S.

Fourth: We can already do certain printing for which most of our stations neither have the type or time. And with more mission patronage a way to increase our stock of type will be found.

Fifth: The Protestant Book Shop is especially interested in having this printing facility at hand.

Sixth: We feel that it will be in the interests of the CONGO NEWS LETTER to centralize its printing here, this of course not necessarily conferring on individuals of the Leo staff perpetual editorship.

The fact that we are at the capitol and not in the bush is revealed in our realization the other day that in fifteen months we have paraded our school children in eight celebrations, the last to welcome back our governor. "Our governor" we mean since we insist that we, as perpetual residents in Congo Belge, trying to appreciate its customs and obey its laws, are citizens at least honorary. The problem of making even our small group presentable in a parade line which includes 2100 children of a faith which has a backing of subsidies and a staff of some one hundred missionaries is not small.

The task of beginning at least features new to a work in a time of retrenchment is also not small.

The task of entering on any sort of industrial education in a situation where all education is considered not only a prize should be compensated for by

for presence but also any part which does not seem enough of a prize should be compensated for by money—this is expensive and difficult.

These are not the only difficulties; yet rather than making us feel that our work here in Leopoldville is misplaced it leads us to see the importance of maintaining a strong work in the capitol. The population is increasing again. Every Protestant young man making good here in the city is argument that Protestant missions should not be driven out, or even be placed in a position disadvantageous. We have friends both in the government and commercial circles and our best ones are those who have had the loyal and competent service of Protestant trained men.

We continue here to furnish a church home for the Christians you send us, go on with the instruction of inquirers recruited by you, and endeavor to convert the pagans you failed to touch while they were back in the bush.

Elmer G. Hall

A VISIT TO OUR BAMFUNUKA VILLAGES

"Don't go to Kikimi. It is on a very high mountain. The carriers cannot climb it. Besides, where will they get food? The Bamfunuka do not care to make bread to sell to us. And there are many dangerous 'waters' on the way.

Such was the warning of Kilelo, one of our Bas-Congo pastors. He was not the first one, however, who tried to persuade us to give up this trip. Early in January one of my little school boys, Nsakala, came to me, very worried, "Mama, are you going to itinerate

next dry season?"—"Yes, I should like to", was my reply. —"I have heard that you may go to the Bamfunuka."—"Oh yes, I believe I have said something about going to their villages." Nsakala became very quiet, did some serious thinking, then added, "In the Bamfunuka country there are many elephants".

But, in spite of these warnings, we began our journey. We did find fresh tracks of elephants. We saw where they had crushed the large manioc (cassava) plants with their heavy feet. If it were not for the villagers who camped as watchmen in the midst of their gardens, there would be no manioc left now. Hills, there were, many of them. But they could all be climbed, even the big mountain. Many streams, we crossed. Some undoubtedly were treacherous. In one place the villagers said, "He who falls, dies". One very beautiful stream with rocks of pale green and yellowish white had an unusually winding course. We crossed it nine times the morning we neared the dreaded mountain of Kikimi. As to hunger, the carriers did complain a little, but they were supplied quite well with food by the chiefs. And the excitement of seeing a wild monkey or hearing the parrots sing among the tree tops generally made them forget material wants.

We soon found we were in a land of fetishes. Spirit worship is still the religion of these people. Each family had its little grass hut containing an "nkisi" or fetish. The witch doctor is the important personnage in every village. To him go all who suffer. In one place we found a little boy with an ulcer so bad that the bone of his ankle was plainly visible. Apparently the father was discouraged with the witch doctor's

useless treatments, for he allowed our "infirmier" (student of the Medical School at Sona Bata) to wash the ulcer and bandage it properly. A week later he followed us asking for more medicine, very happy because his son was already better.

Egg shells decorated the house roofs in all the villages. I asked one man why he saved his egg shells. "Oh", he said, "Little chickens have hatched from these eggs. If I keep the shells, they will not be harmed."

"Have you seen the red woman in this village?" called my carriers at Kingau. "Come and see her." There she was, a black woman painted with red clay from head to foot. She sat on the ground holding her baby, also bathed in red mud. Around her eyes, she had rubbed white soil. I was told she must not wash off her paint for three months, and she must not do any work. Her relatives bring her food. She was a sick woman, but, according to the witch doctor, she would become well, if she strictly followed these rules.

Strange to say, in this land of fetishes, where few knew much about the Gospel of Christ, we received a most enthusiastic welcome. The chiefs not only tried to make us comfortable by offering food and houses, but also came to the services and urged their people to come too. Upon our arrival at Kikimi we were asked, "Why have you come?" We answered, "We have come to tell the Word of God ". "Good", they replied. Then the chief insisted I must stay in his own house, a large grass hut having walls decorated with beautiful mats. He begged us to send a teacher soon to Kikimi. I wondered if he really meant what he said or if he was only trying to be cordial to a white missionary. All seemed so heathen. Kilelo said there was not a

Christian in the whole village. As it grew dark we made a fire in front of the chief's house and began to sing Gospel songs. A few came. We continued to sing and, suddenly, we were aware of a large crowd of men, women and children seated in the dark, back of our fire. They had come so quietly in the still night of Congo that we had not heard them. We built another fire near them, for it is very cool during dry season. Then we gave our messages about Jesus Christ who came to save all sinners. They listened most attentively. There seemed to be an intense hunger for the Gospel. The next morning the chief again asked for a teacher. "When will he come? What month?" We promised to try to get a teacher. We said we must speak to the other white missionaries and to the bambuta (evangelists and pastors) when they meet at Sona Bata in September. "In September—very well—I shall send my men to Sona Bata in September."

We left Kikimi with "When are you coming back to us?" ringing in our ears. One of the village boys followed us to attend school at Sona Bata. Our itinerary took us again to the Bas-Congo villages. Two months passed by and we returned to Sona Bata. True to his word the chief has already sent his men to ask, once more, for a teacher. Shall we send him one? Let us pray for financial means to do so. Years ago, in the early days of Mr. Frederickson at Sona Bata, the Gospel was first preached to these people. Many accepted Christ, but soon drifted back to their fetishes. The Bas-Congo teachers returned, considering their work of no avail. Then money became scarce, and the work was practically dropped in their villages. But the Lord has said of His Word, "It shall not return unto me void".

Now there seems to be a great awakening among the Bamfunuka. Let us pray that they may give up fetishism and accept whole-heartedly Jesus Christ, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved".

Vendla Anderson

VANGA NEWS

INSTITUTE is a word that has taken on new meaning for us at Vanga during the last ten days as we have seen Mr. and Mrs. Moon at work in one. It holds a wealth of meaning now — for weary, discouraged, sorely tried village teachers it means new methods, new material, new ideas, a new impetus, new courage, new moral strengh, new faith in God. It means all this and more also to sometimes weary, sometimes discouraged, sometimes sorely tried missionaries. We feel honored that the last Institute of the Moons in Congo was held here at Vanga and that we are to have them with us a few weeks longer as they finish their work of printing lesson guides and charts.

Dr. Osterholm has been away from the station more than he has been with us. Back from six weeks at Moanza he immediately started out for his recensement work in the villages. He is counting the days until the arrival of Mrs. Osterholm and Kathryn Jean from America. They are already on their way, spending a few months in Belgium in French study, and expecting to arrive in Congo early in June.

Mr. Moon and Mr. Brown are preparing for a trip to Moanza to help Mr. Atkins tow his car in from Kikweta Hill where it has been stuck for several months.

Traffic in freight, mail and folks back and forth from Moanza keeps us conscious of the fact that we are by no means at the end of the world.

Helen Robbins

KIMPESE ITEMS

Judging by the scarcity of news items from Kimpese our friends may think there is nothing going on here, but if they were to pay us a visit any time of the day they would find that such is not the case. We have plenty of problems with which to deal, but among them is certainly not that of unemployment. In fact we find our day a busy one.

A few classes meet as early as 6:10 on some days. At 6:50 classes are in full swing; they continue throughout the forenoon with but two short interruptions, one for chapel service and one for tea.

Women's classes begin at 8:40 and then every available class room (and excuse for one) is buzzing with activity.

Afternoons are even more busy. The 2 o'clock bell has barely rung when the whistles of the teachers of the Ecole d'Application remind the children to be on time for the opening exercises. (For those "not in the know" I may say that the Ecole d'Application is a grade school for the children and helpers on the station. It is at the same time a practice achool for students in teacher-training.) There being more classes than rooms many of the classes are held in the shade of some tree. The smallest tots meet in the chapel and its vicinity. Incidentally there is nothing more charming than to watch these little ones go through their physical exercises.

All students take their turns at teaching in the afternoon school and the rest are divided into four divisions of work. All first year men are engaged in the "materials" division or "rough gang", as I prefer to call it. They do anything that is required about the place, the major part of which is thatching roofs and digging and carrying materials for the carpenters and masons. Incidentally they have impressed upon them the dignity of any kind of labor that helps to improve their community.

Both first and second year men take their turns at practical agriculture: pruning fruit trees of parasites and planting and caring for ornamental trees and flowers as well as hundreds of palm and fruit trees destined to increase the food supply.

The remaining second year men are in the carpenter shop where, under the direction of regular carpenters, they are engaged in the actual work of that trade. Enough building has been going on to give them needed experience.

The remaining third year men are under training as masons, working side by side with regular masons in the construction and repair of buildings.

Dr. Mabie has recently had the pleasure of moving into her well-equipped dispensary, built by a specific gift from home.

Among our more well-known guests of this year we might mention Dr. Reisner of the Agricultural Missions Foundation of New York and Dr. Morton of the Mbereshi station, made famous by Miss Madel Shaw. Dr. Morton's message at the chapel service was received with rapt attention by the students, as were her impromptu solos of Gospel songs set to

native tunes.

If all successfully pass their final examinations we shall have a graduating class of 11 from the normal department, of which 5 are from our mission (3 from Banza Manteke and 2 from Vanga), 9 from the theological department three-year course, of which 5 are from our mission (3 from Banza Manteke and 2 from Tondo) and 2 from the theological department two-year course, of which 1 is from our mission (Banza Manteke). We are sorry not to see more stations represented in our graduating class but we have hopes for a larger representation next year.

Martin Engwall

SONA BATA NEWS NOTES

Mr. and Mrs. Erickson left for furlough in January. They have had a busy and strenuous term having been alone much of the time in the supervision of the Sona Bata evangelistic work. We miss them and wish for them a happy and restful furlough.

We were very happy to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Broom, parents of Miss Broom of the British Baptist Mission Society who has been ill since September. Their coming has indeed been a revelation to our Congo people of their love for their daughter which brought them all the way from England, and it has been used many times as an illustration by the pastors. Because they see very little of our mothers and fathers, the natives have an impression that the bonds of love between us are not as strong as their own. The coming of Mr. and Mrs. Broom has helped to disillusion them.

Dr. Gregoire of the State Medical School visited us

the early part of February. These visits mean a great deal to us. Dr. Gregoire is most sympathetic, kind and helpful in all discussions about our school. We are hoping for another visit during final examinations the first two weeks in May.

It seems like old times to have Mr. MacDiarmid back at Sona Bata and the natives rejoice at having "Tata Micky" (MacDiarmid being too hard to say) as their counselor again. We hope that the double duty of Secretary and oversight of the Sona Bata evangelistic work will not be too much of a strain. Since coming Mr. MacDiarmid has spent most of his time itinerating in the different parts of the field holding small "Matondos" and arousing the people to a fuller sense of their responsibility as Christians.

Jeannette Tuttle

HILDA J. BAIN

Word has just been received that Mrs. Bain passed away on February 8th, we presume at her son's home in Corning, Iowa. We thank God for her many years of service for Him in Congo.

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

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Miss Grace Cooper

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Rev. and Mrs.E. G. Hall

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